



A L I E N S

ALIENS/
PREDATOR
10 OF 12

\$2.50 US
\$3.50 CAN

THE DEADLIEST OF THE SPECIES

PREDATOR



CLAREMONT • BARRETO

Christopher Claremont • writer
Eduardo Barreto • artist
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Scott Fuentes, Scott Tice • book design
H.R. Giger • original Alien design

Previously:

The survivors of Space Station Samara make their way through the damaged station to their only hope for escape, the Predator Big Mama's ship. Although the ragged crew members — Gisande Salazar, security chief; Maria DeMedici and Tomas Shirow, Strike Force Rangers; and Genna and Sadiq, Samara Station Security — would just as soon kill the Predator as escape with it, they grudgingly follow the advice of Caryn Delacroix. Caryn, trophy wife turned Alien embryo host, has a strange link with the Predator and a monstrous protector in the Alien Queen. Protected by the Queen's lacquer coating, Caryn chances the void of space to enter the Predator ship. She plans to return with her friends to earth's orbit and the skyliner *Liberté*, to seek answers or revenge.

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IN ALL OF HUMAN HISTORY,
THERE IS NO CREATURE
MORE DEADLY, MORE
HATED, MORE FEARED...

... THAN AN
ALIEN QUEEN.

SHE IS NIGHTMARE
INCARNATE, THE
DEVIL MADE FLESH.

MADE ALL THE
MORE TERRIBLE
BECAUSE, IF
THERE IS AN
INTELLIGENCE
LURKING WITHIN
THAT GLEAMING
MIDNIGHT
CARAPACE...

... IT IS OF AN
ORDER AND FORM
AND MAGNITUDE
THAT WE CAN
NEVER COMPRE-
HEND.

YET I FEEL I KNOW HER...

... AS I DO MYSELF.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT

ASIDE PROBABLY FROM HUMANITY, THERE IS NO MORE TERRITORIAL CREATURE.

WHAT SHE SURVEYS, SHE RULES.

WHERE SHE WALKS, NO OTHER FORMS SURVIVE.

THOSE SHE DOES NOT KILL, SHE USES AS HOSTS FOR HER EMBRYONIC PROGENY--

--THE NEXT GENERATION OF QUEENS, AND THE WARRIOR DRONES WHO SERVE AND PROTECT THEM.

BUT THIS QUEEN IS OLD-- AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE ROYAL EGG THAT REMAINED TO HER.

THE BEINGS IN THESE MEDPOD LIFE-SUPPORT CAPSULES THEREFORE SERVE NO PURPOSE. QUITE THE CONTRARY, THEY'RE POTENTIAL THREATS, TO HER AND HER OFFSPRING.

WHICH MEANS THEY MUST BE KILLED.

THAT'S WHEN
I STEP IN.

SHE'S TAGGED FROM
THREE SEPARATE
TARGETING VECTORS,
A CROSSFIRE EVEN
SHE CAN'T ESCAPE.

PREDATOR COMBAT
SYSTEMS, DESIGNED
ABOVE ALL TO
SLAY BUGS.

LEAVE
THEM BE.

IF THEY
DIE, SO DO
YOU!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I BOTHER TALKING.

SMART PLAY WOULD BE TO
PULL THE TRIGGER.

BUT I OWE
HER MY LIFE.

SHE ISN'T
HAPPY.

SHE ALSO
ISN'T
STUPID.



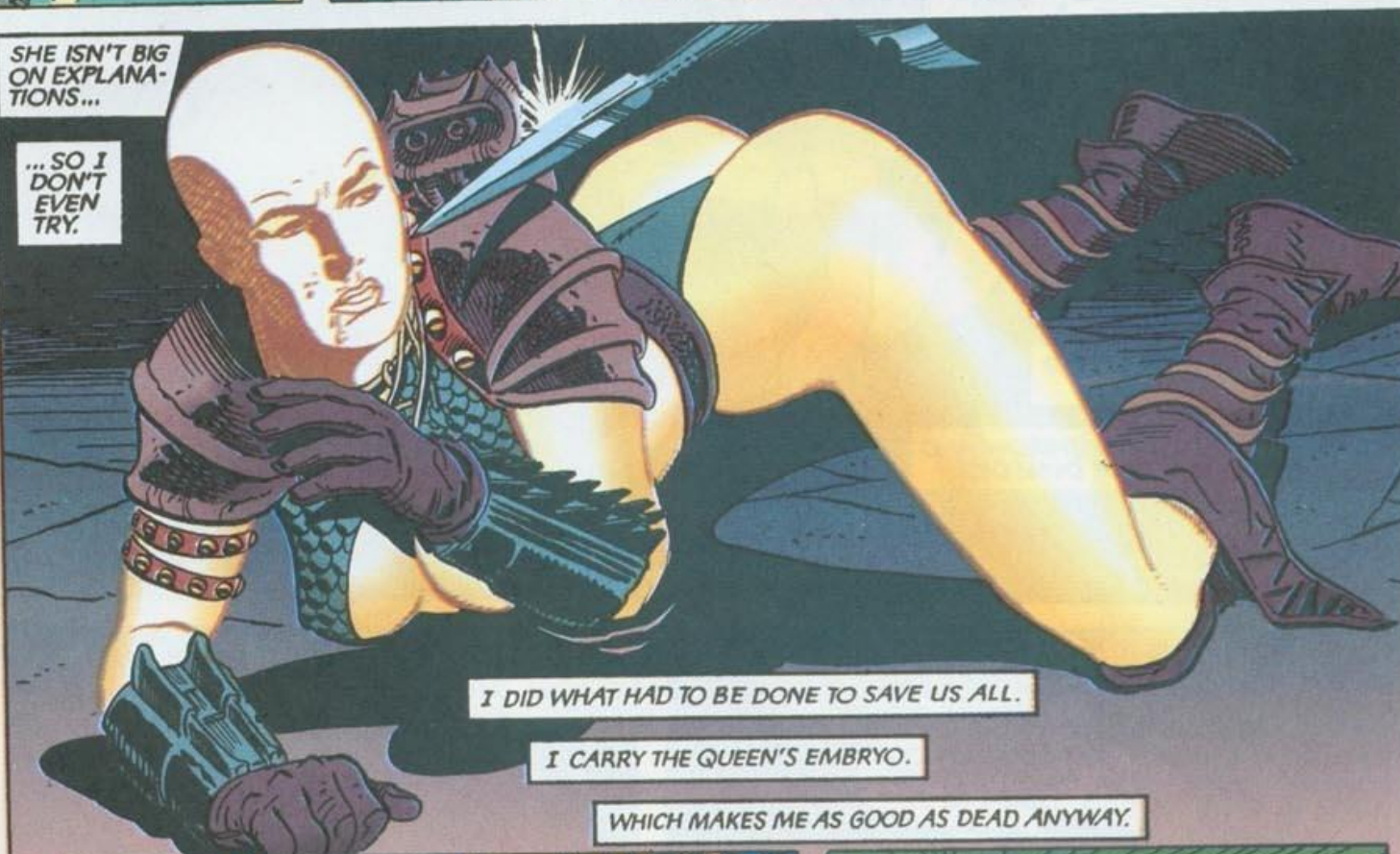
SHE LEFT HER
MARK ON THE
PREDATOR'S
POD.



AND BIG MAMA LEAVES HER OWN ON ME.

SHE ISN'T BIG
ON EXPLANA-
TIONS...

...SO I
DON'T
EVEN
TRY.



I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE TO SAVE US ALL.

I CARRY THE QUEEN'S EMBRYO.

WHICH MAKES ME AS GOOD AS DEAD ANYWAY.



BY THE
PREDATOR'S
LIGHTS,
KILLING ME
WOULD BE
A MERCY.

BUT WHAT IT
ALL COMES
DOWN TO
IN THE END,
FOR HER AS
MUCH AS
ME...



...IS THAT THIS HUNT
ISN'T FOR TROPHIES...

...IT'S FOR
JUSTICE.

I GIVE OUR "PASSENGERS" ANOTHER FULL DAY BEFORE I POP THEIR PODS. FOR WHAT BIG MAMA AND I HAVE IN STORE, IT'S REST THEY'LL DESPERATELY NEED.

TWO MERCS, SADIQ AND GENNA, SOLE SURVIVORS OF DEEP SPACE STATION SAMARA.

GISANDE SALAZAR, CHIEF OF SECURITY FOR MONTCALM-DELAEROIX et CIE. I'M CONSORT TO THE COMPANY CHAIRMAN, LUCIEN DELACROIX.

WELL, WELL, WELL, WILL YOU LOOK AT WHAT THE HALTE COUTURE TROPHY WIFE IS WEARING THIS SEASON!

AND A PAIR OF STRIKE FORCE RANGERS.

TOMAS SHIROW AND MARIA DeMEDICI.

GIVE IT A REST, SALAZAR.

FROM THE LOOKS OF US, I ASSUME THIS IS A FAIRLY COMPREHENSIVE MEDICAL FACILITY.

AT LEAST WE CAN ABORT CARYN'S EMBRYO--!

IT STAYS, SHIROW. IT HAS TO.

MATER CHRISTI! YOU MEAN THE ALIEN--!

SHE'S NOT OUR ENEMY, MARIA.

WE HAVE A COMMON CAUSE, ALL OF US-- ALIEN, PREDATOR, HUMAN. WORKING TOGETHER, WE MIGHT JUST FIND A WAY THROUGH TO WIN.

IF YOU WANT THAT, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME.

DON'T ASK MUCH, DO YOU, TROPHY?



CLOTHES ARE A MIX
OF PREDATOR GEAR
AND ANYTHING
LEFT OVER FROM
PREVIOUS HUNTS.

THE SNIGGERS AND
WISECRACKS AND
GRIPES LAST UNTIL
I HAND OUT
WEAPONS.

THEY AREN'T FOR SHOW.

AND NOBODY
SAYS A WORD
WHEN I
TELL THEM...

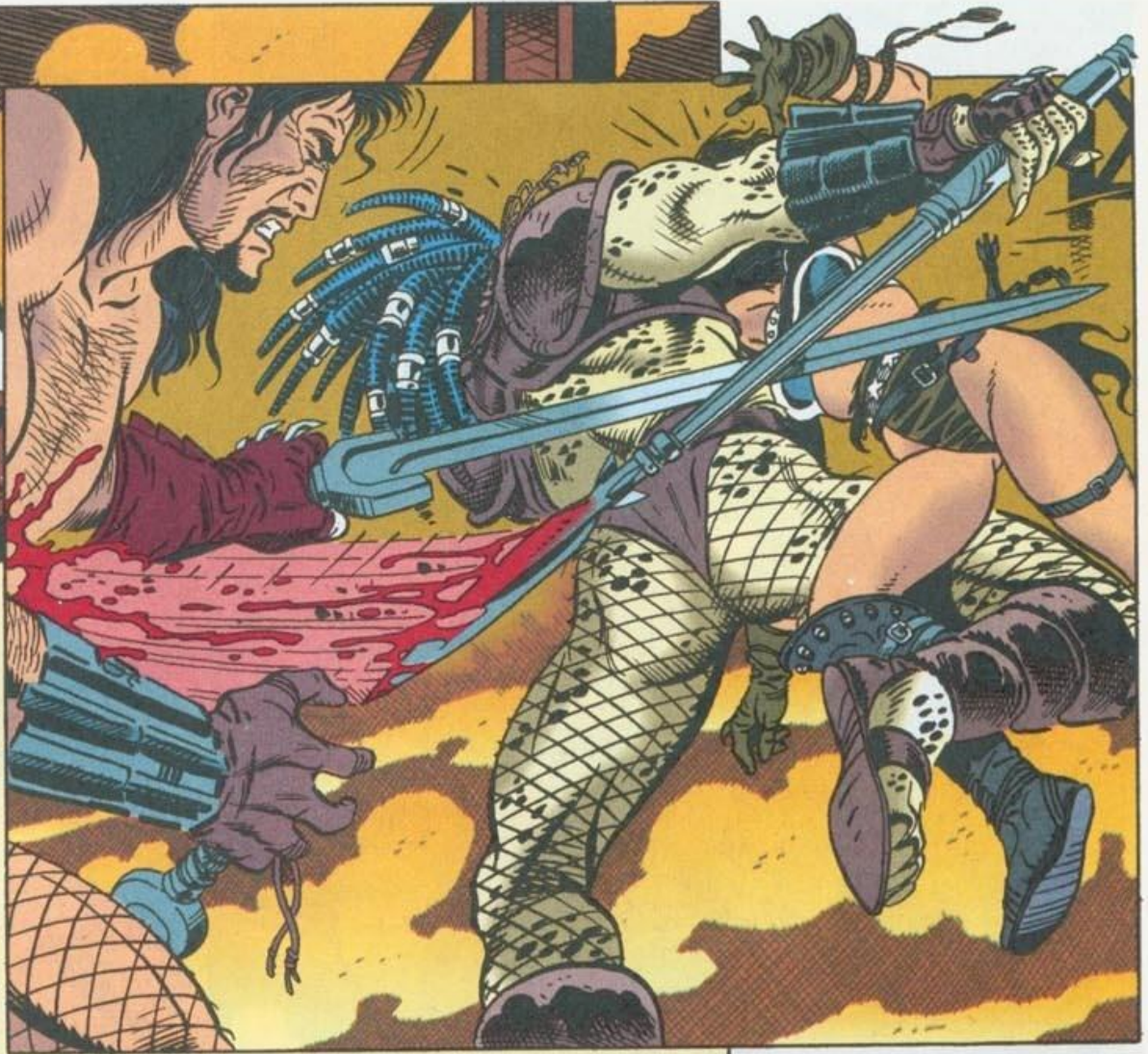
...TO BRING
ME BACK
BIG MAMA'S
HEAD AND
HEART.



PREDATORS
AREN'T BIG
ON THEORY.

WITH THEM,
YOU LEARN
BY DOING.

THE FIVE OF THEM
ARE SUPERBLY
TRAINED AND
SUPERBLY SKILLED--
IN MANY WAYS,
THE BEST
HUMANITY HAS
TO OFFER.



IT DOESN'T SAVE THEM.



THE MASSACRE LASTS LESS THAN A MINUTE. WHEN IT'S OVER, THE WALKING WOUNDED HELP THOSE MORE SERIOUSLY INJURED BACK INTO THE MEDPODS.

MARIA IS AS BADLY HURT AS SHIROW, BUT SHE REFUSES TO BE SEEN TO UNTIL SHE'S SURE HE'S OUT OF DANGER.

HELLUVA TEACHING PHILOSOPHY, CARYN!

WORKED FOR ME.

WHEN?!

I'M SORRY. I... DON'T KNOW.

NO OFFENSE, BUT TROPHIES ARE GEN-ENGINEERED FROM INCEPTION.

I'VE SEEN YOUR FILE, CARYN. YOU WERE A CUSTOM DESIGN FOR LUCIEN DELACROIX, SPECIALLY EXECUTED BY HIS PET COMPUTER, TOY. YOU'VE BEEN WITH HIM YOUR ENTIRE LIFE.

THEN SOMEBODY'S LYING. EITHER MY MEMORIES--OR YOUR FILES.

MARIA, NEITHER OF US HAS TIME FOR THIS. YOU NEED TREATMENT. YOU'LL BE FINE COME TOMORROW--WE CAN TALK THEN.

AND AFTER WE TALK, WHAT'S NEXT? ROUND TWO?

YOU KEEP TRYING 'TIL YOU GET IT RIGHT.

YOU'RE SERIOUS.

Oh, JOY. IF WE DON'T WANT TO BLEED, WE'D BETTER GET BETTER.

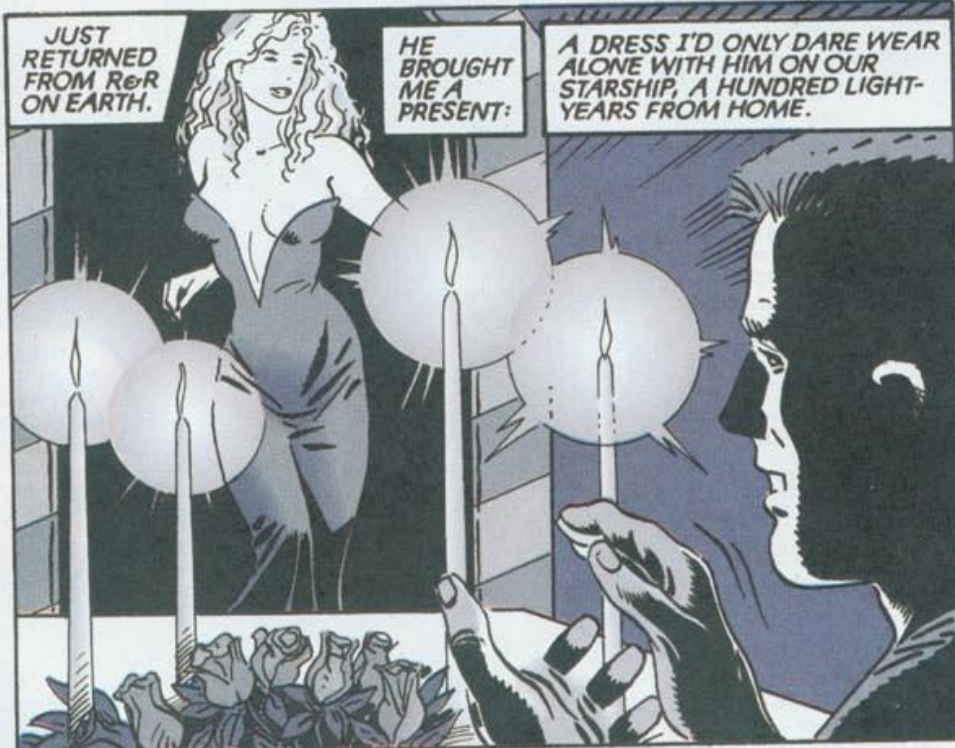
AND FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT... SUPPOSE WE DON'T.

THEN PERHAPS, AFTER ONE SESSION...

...YOU DON'T GET BETTER.

NATURAL SELECTION, PREDATOR STYLE. SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST, TAKEN TO ITS ULTIMATE.

I THINK I LIKE THAT.



THE NEXT MORNING,
WE BEGIN AGAIN.

OUR PASSENGERS
GO BACK INTO
THE ARENA...

...WHILE I
MAKE SURE
TO KEEP
THE ALIEN
CLEAR.

THEY'VE
LEARNED
FROM THEIR
MISTAKES.

SNIKT

IT DOESN'T
SAVE THEM.

I SEE THEIR BLOOD...

... AND REMEMBER THE TASTE OF MY OWN...

...ALONG WITH THE SICK, ACID FEELING OF BETRAYAL.



THIS IS A GOOD DEAL, WOMAN, A PERFECT SETUP! IT'S GOING TO MAKE US RICH! YOU'RE A FOOL TO PASS IT BY!

I SWORE AN OATH, COMMANDER. SO DID YOU.

DON'T YOU GET HOLIER-THAN-THOU WITH ME-- I'M BETRAYING NOTHING!

THOSE AREN'T PEOPLE DOWN THERE-- THEY AREN'T EVEN HUMAN! A LOUSY LITTLE OUTPOST, WHO THE HELL CARES WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM?

THE FOLKS WHO SENT THEM, MAYBE?

WHAT, YOU FIGURE THIS IS THE 17th CENTURY-- WE CAN TAKE WHAT WE WANT, SLAUGHTER WHOMEVER WE PLEASE?

HUMAN HISTORY, HONEY, HUMAN NATURE.

DAMN YOU, MADRIGAL, WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE BETTER THAN THAT!

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE, BÉBÉ!

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME.

LADIES FIRST.

GO TO HELL!

OURS HAD BEEN A STANDARD ROVER MISSION, CHARTING NEW SYSTEMS AND RUNNING PRELIMINARY SURVEYS OF THEIR PLANETS.

UNTIL SEVEN MONTHS AGO...

...WHEN WE DISCOVERED THIS PARTICULAR MUDBALL WAS INHABITED.

AND NOT BY AN INDIGENOUS SPECIES.

SHIPS TRAVEL FASTER THAN RADIO, SO IT WAS MADRIGAL-- MY TRUSTED PARTNER-- WHO BROUGHT HOME OUR NEWS, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE SCAN DATA WE'D ACCUMULATED.

I GUESS, ALONG THE WAY, HE DECIDED THE PRIVATE SECTOR OFFERED MORE OPPORTUNITY.

Y'ASK ME, IT'S MADRIGAL'S CALL.

IF THE BITCH AIN'T WITH THE PROGRAM, SHE'S BETTER OFF BREATHIN' VACUUM.

YEAH, WELL, DeMATIER HAS THE HOTS FOR HER *DNA*--LIKES THE WAY IT KINKS OR WHATEVER. GOT PLANS FOR HER, LIKE HE DOES WITH THOSE EXOTICS PLANETSIDE.

MAN, IN THAT CASE, KILLIN' HER BE DOIN' THE BITCH A KINDNESS--

--WHA--?!

SPIKE-HEEL KICK TO THE PATELLA. VERY NASTY. VERY EFFECTIVE.

I TOOK THEM DOWN HARD.

AND THEN MADE SURE THEY DIDN'T GET UP.



THE NEXT MORNING, WHEN EVERYONE'S FULLY RECOVERED, WE BEGIN AGAIN.

A LITTLE LOWER ON THE FORWARD THRUST, TOMMY, SO YOU'LL BE SURE TO STRIKE HOME UNDER THE STERNUM.

AND, NEXT TIME, BRING THE BLADE AROUND A BIT FASTER.

COPY. HOW LONG YOU FIGURE WE'VE BEEN AT THIS, MARIA?

NOT LONG ENOUGH, BRIGHT EYES. WE KEEP GETTING WAXED.

NOT AS QUICKLY ANYMORE, AND WE'VE BEEN GETTING IN SOME FAIR SHOTS OF OUR OWN.

WE'RE GETTING BETTER.

EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY.

I'M SERIOUS! HAVE YOU LOOKED IN A MIRROR LATELY? YOU ARE **BUFF**, WOMAN.



WE **ALL** ARE-- STRONGER, FASTER, TOUGHER, OUR EVERY SENSE PUSHED TO ITS PERCEPTUAL LIMIT.

WE'RE NOT JUST BEING "**HEALED**," SHIROW, WE'RE BEING **REBUILT**.

CONSIDERING WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST...



...IS THAT SUCH A BAD THING?

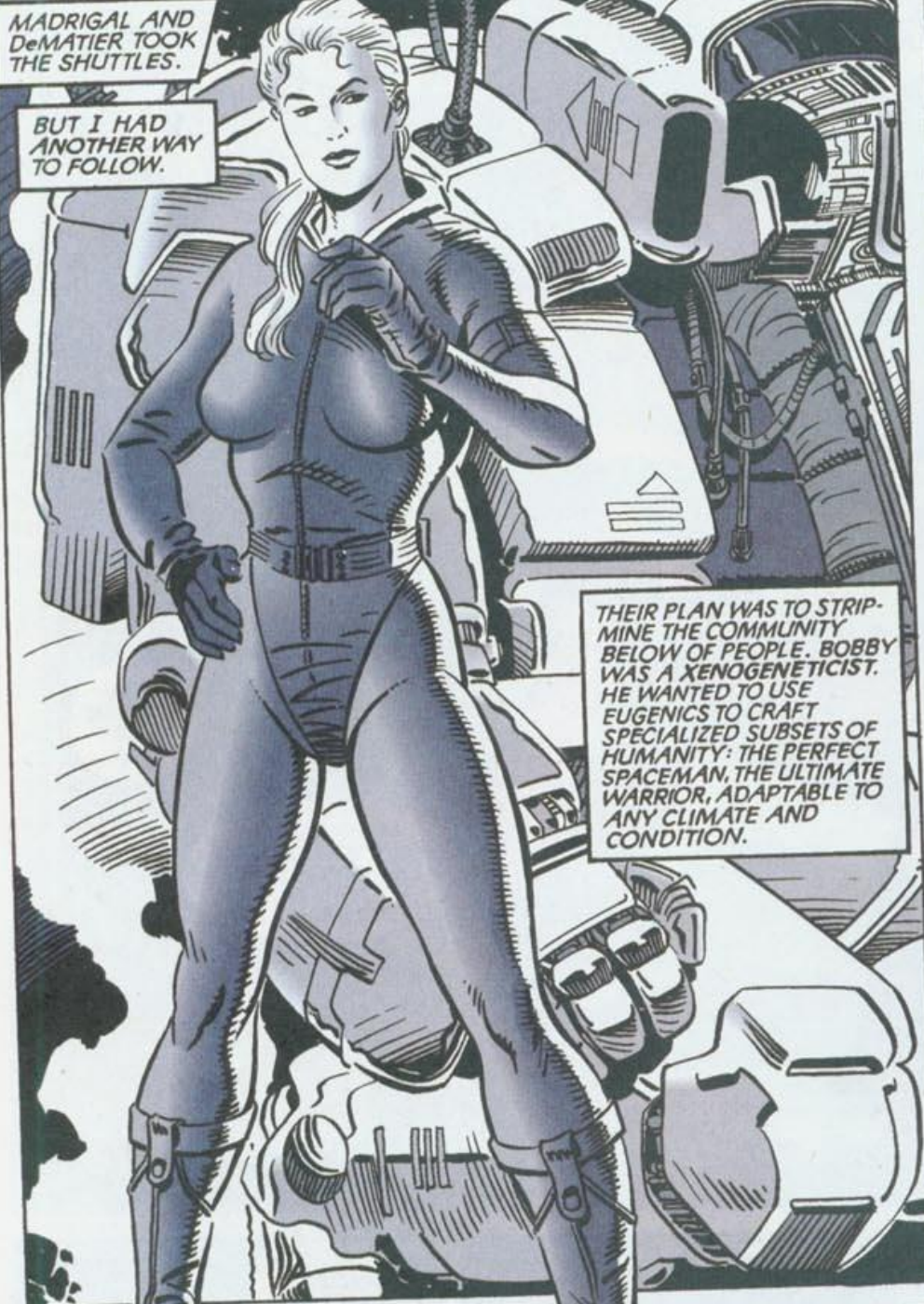
THE QUEEN-- SHE'S JUST... WATCHING US.

TOMMY, I'VE NEVER KNOWN AN ALIEN NOT TO ATTACK.



MAKES YOU **WONDER**, DOESN'T IT? I MEAN, IF SHE'S OUR "**FRIEND**"...

...WHAT THE HELL ARE WE UP AGAINST?



MADRIGAL AND
DeMATIER TOOK
THE SHUTTLES.

BUT I HAD
ANOTHER WAY
TO FOLLOW.

THEIR PLAN WAS TO STRIP-
MINE THE COMMUNITY
BELOW OF PEOPLE. BOBBY
WAS A XENOGENETICIST.
HE WANTED TO USE
EUGENICS TO CRAFT
SPECIALIZED SUBSETS OF
HUMANITY: THE PERFECT
SPACEMAN, THE ULTIMATE
WARRIOR, ADAPTABLE TO
ANY CLIMATE AND
CONDITION.

PROBABLY NOT.

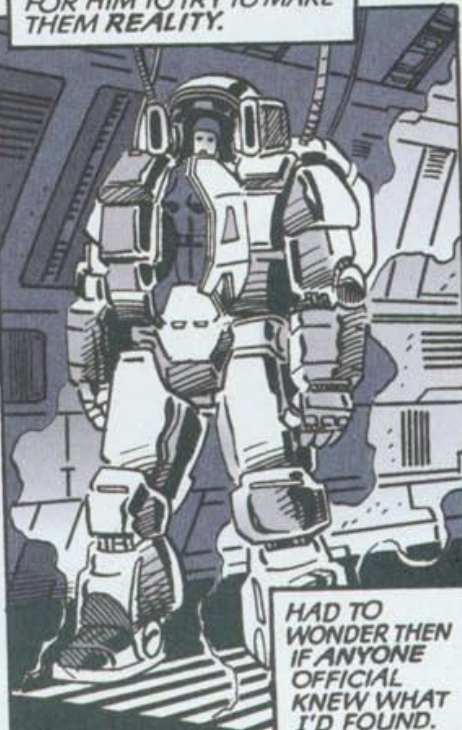
WHICH MADE IT AN
ABSOLUTE IMPERA-
TIVE THAT I
STOPPED THEM.

AS I "DROPPED," I
REMEMBER THINK-
ING, "THERE HAS TO
BE A BETTER WAY."

UP 'TIL NOW, THEY WERE
JUST CRACKPOT THEORIES.



MY DISCOVERY OFFERED
UP IDEAL RAW MATERIAL
FOR HIM TO TRY TO MAKE
THEM REALITY.



HAD TO
WONDER THEN
IF ANYONE
OFFICIAL
KNEW WHAT
I'D FOUND.

EVEN THE TOUGHEST ARMOR WON'T SURVIVE
A FREE-FALL RE-ENTRY-- WHICH IS WHY I
DEPLOYED A BALLUTE, BASICALLY A BIG,
INFLATABLE BALLOON-BAG THAT SLOWS
DESCENT...

... WHILE ABSORBING
THE AWFUL HEAT OF
ATMOSPHERIC FRICTION.

MADE A HELLUVA
SIGHT, BURNING
A TRAIL ACROSS
THE SKY.



BUT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE ON THE GROUND, NOT FROM ABOVE.

"SHADOW" SYSTEMS MASKED MY PRESENCE...



...UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE.

I WAS LOADED FOR BEAR.

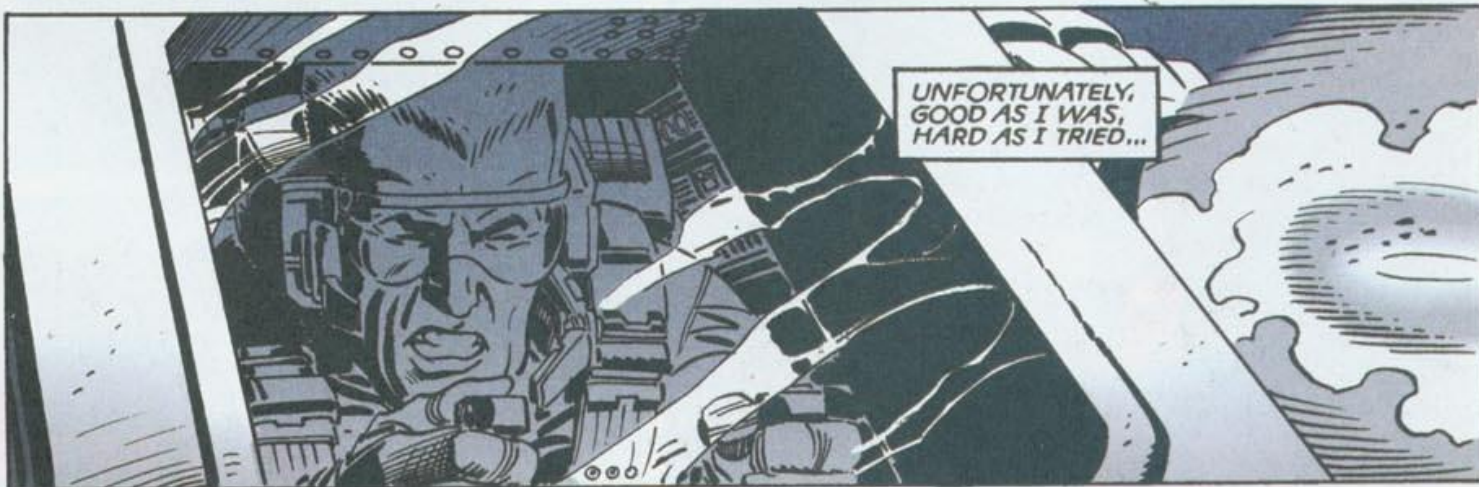
MISSILES, MINIGUN, HI-POWER COMBAT LASER.



I USED 'EM ALL.

THESE WERE ESCORTS, THOUGH, CANNON FODDER.

MY MAIN TARGETS WERE THE BIG CARGO SHUTTLES.



UNFORTUNATELY, GOOD AS I WAS, HARD AS I TRIED...



...MY SUIT OF BATTLE ARMOR WAS NO REAL MATCH FOR A TOP-LINE FIGHTER.



THEY'RE SILENT AS GHOSTS AS THEY MOVE THROUGH THE ARENA...

...COVERING EACH OTHER'S BACK WITH SMOOTH PRECISION.



ONLY, THIS TIME, THEY DON'T WAIT TO BE ATTACKED.

THIS TIME, THEY'RE THE HUNTERS...

...GENNA REACTING TO THE FAINTEST POSSIBLE SOUND WITH A FORWARD ROLL TO DISRUPT THE PREDATOR'S CHARGE.



IMMEDIATELY, DeMEDICI AND SHIROW FOLLOW HER LEAD...

...STRIKING WITH SUCH FORCE THAT THEY DISRUPT BIG MAMA'S CHAMELEON FIELD.



SHE'S VISIBLE!

I'LL FINISH HER!



IN YOUR... DREAMS!

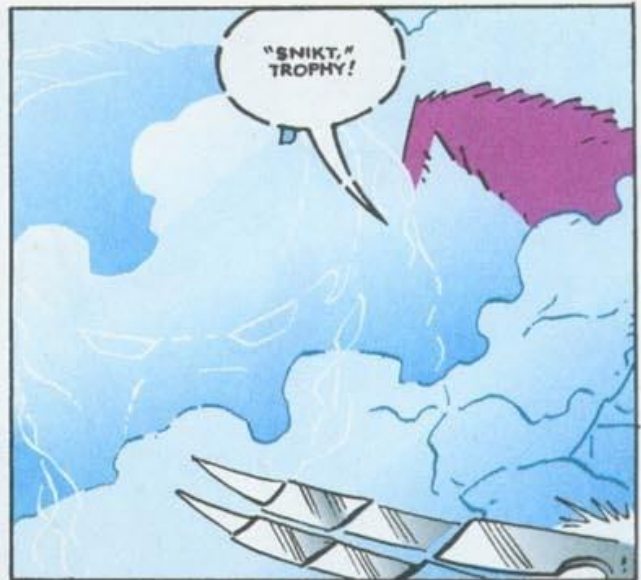
KUD!



MY
SPEAR!

HEADS UP,
PEOPLE!

THERE'S
SOMEONE
ELSE IN
HERE!



"SNIKT,"
TROPHY!



VERY
NICE.

DIDN'T SEEM FAIR
THAT YOU HAD A
CHAMELEON
FIELD AND WE
DIDN'T.

SO WE
SWIPE
ONE.



COMPLETE WITH
INSTRUCTION
MANUAL?

TRIAL AND ERROR.
WE'VE BEEN WORKING
ON THIS A WHILE.



I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE
GRATEFUL YOU DIDN'T TRY
FOR A PLASMA-CASTER.

WANNA BET?

VERY...
NICE.

CONGRATULATIONS.
TRAINING'S OVER. YOU PASSED.





DIDN'T SCREAM WHEN HE SPIKED ME TO THAT CROSS.

DAMNED IF I'D
GIVE HIM THE
SATISFACTION.

WHEN SHE FOUND ME, BIG MAMA WAS
READY TO SKIN ME ALIVE-- ON THAT,
MADRIGAL WAS RIGHT ON THE MONEY.

HE JUST DIDN'T
RECKON ON HER
DETERMINATION.

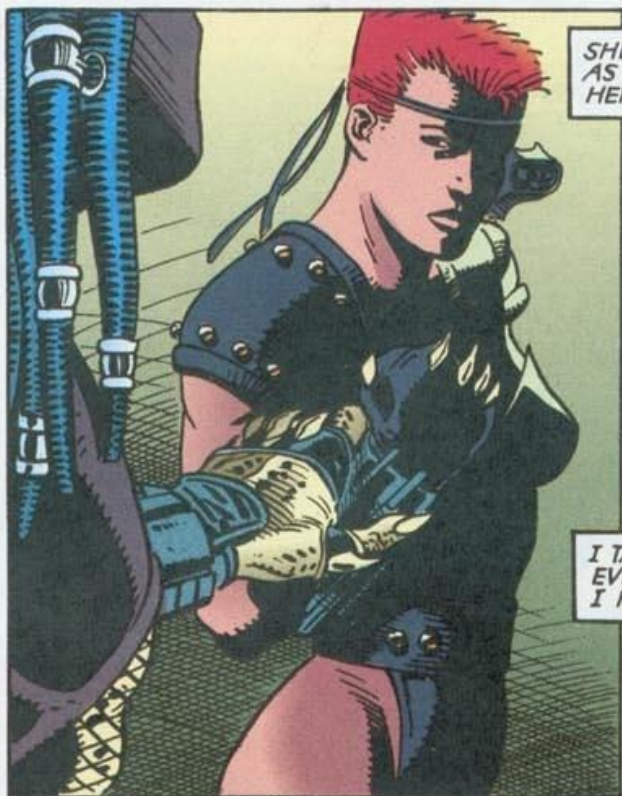
HER CHILDREN
HAD BEEN
KIDNAPPED.

I WAS THEIR
ONLY REAL
HOPE OF
RESCUE.

I STARTED AS HER
PRISONER.

OVER TIME,
I EARNED HER
RESPECT.

ULTIMATELY, HER
FRIENDSHIP.



SHE TRAINED ME
AS SHE WOULD
HER OWN.



I TAUGHT HER
EVERYTHING
I KNEW.



WE WERE BOTH
ALREADY MAD.



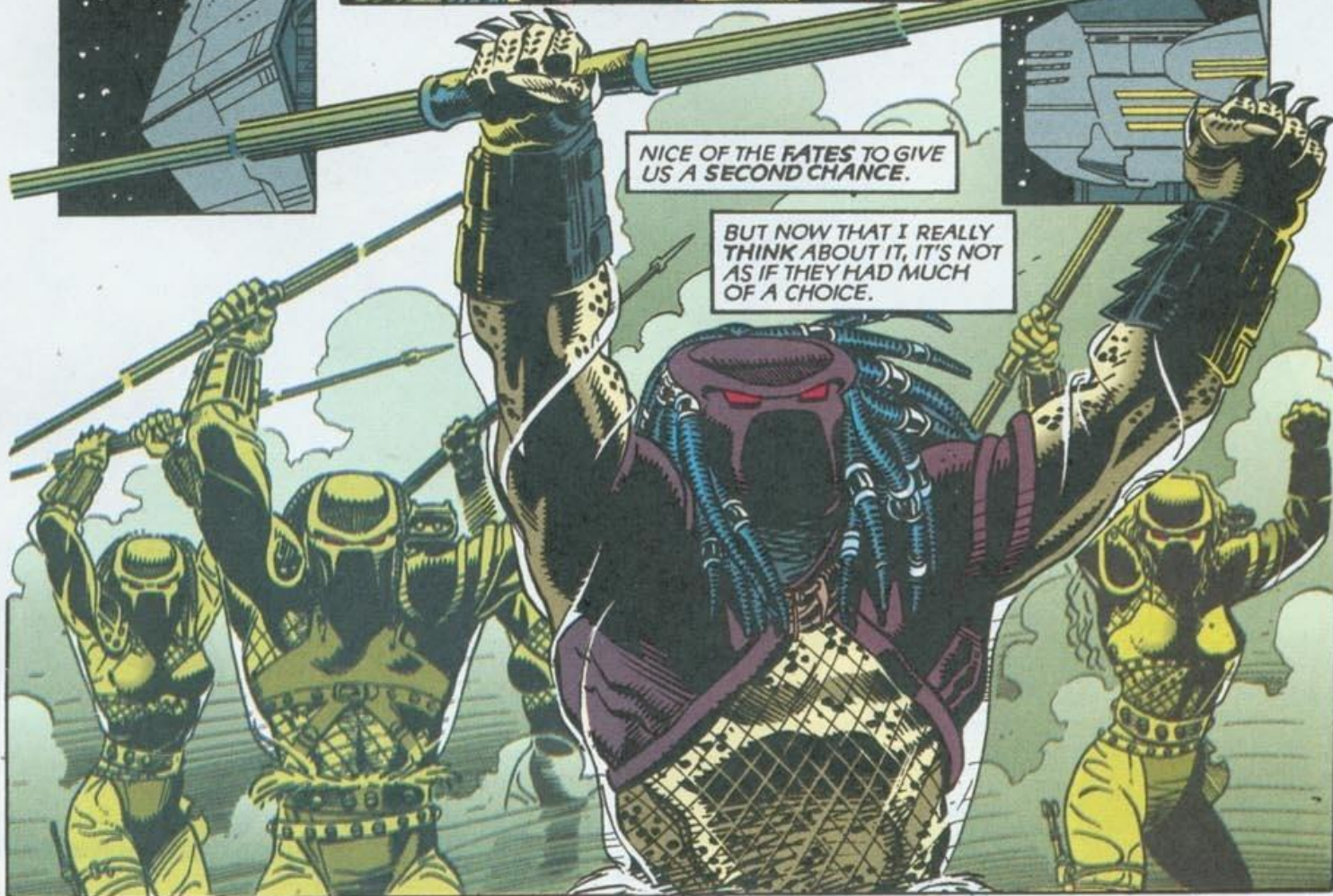
OUR GOAL WAS
TO GET EVEN.



THAT'S WHERE
I RUN OUT OF
MEMORIES.



SO I GUESS WE
CAME UP SHORT.



NICE OF THE FATES TO GIVE
US A SECOND CHANCE.

BUT NOW THAT I REALLY
THINK ABOUT IT, IT'S NOT
AS IF THEY HAD MUCH
OF A CHOICE.

LUCIEN DELACROIX RUNS
MONTCALM-DELACROIX.
WILLEM IS HIS SON.

I WAS LUCIEN'S TROPHY WIFE. GISANDE
WORKED FOR HIM. SADIQ AND GENNA WERE
EMPLOYED BY THE CRIMINAL NETWORK ESTABLISHED
BY WILLEM. ACCORDING TO GISANDE,
BOBBY DeMATIER WAS HIS PARTNER.

BIG MAMA HUNTED
ME. SHIROW AND
MARIA HUNTED
HER.

SOMEHOW, MY LIFE, AND
MAMA'S, AND THE ALIEN
MOTHER QUEEN'S ARE ALL
BOUND UP TOGETHER.

AND THE PATHWAY HAS LED
US ALL RIGHT BACK WHERE
THE STORY STARTED.

THERE'VE BEEN SOME
CHANGES SINCE.

WHY AM I NOT
SURPRISED?

MERCIFUL
GOD--

--THE
WHOLE
SKYLINER,
IT'S AN
ALIEN
NEST!

THERE'S AWE IN SHIROW'S
VOICE, AND NOT A LITTLE FEAR.
ME, THOUGH-- IT'S FUNNY, BUT
I FEEL SORRY FOR THE
OPPOSITION.

THEY HAVEN'T A CLUE WHAT
THEY'RE TRULY UP AGAINST.

SHIROW AND THE OTHERS, THEY'RE IMPORTANT--
BUT WE'RE THE ONES WHO TRULY MATTER. IN
HAPPIER DAYS, YOU COULD LOOK ON US AS
ASPECTS OF THE TRIPLE GODDESS-- CHILD, MOTHER,
CRONE.

BUT, WHEN CROSSED, WE BECOME
SOMETHING ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT.
WE ARE "UNCEASING" AND "GRUDGING"
AND "AVENGING MURDER." AND GO BY
THE NAMES ALECTO, MEGERA, AND
TISIPHONE.

WE THREE ARE THE FURIES OF
ANCIENT LEGEND, REACHING OUT
ACROSS THE GENERATIONS. PAST EVEN
DEATH ITSELF, TO RIGHT OLD WRONGS
AND AVENGE THE MOST HORRIBLE OF
CRIMES.

OF ALL THE SPECIES THAT EXIST,
WE ARE THE DEADLIEST.

SNIKTS & STONES

10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222



Snikts and Stones,

Re *Aliens/Predator: The Deadliest of the Species*:

A standing ovation, dear sirs. [Huh?] You have truly outdone yourselves this time. Kudos to Claremont, fanfare for Barreto, and long live the Predator.

Now, enough of the butt-kissing; let's get down to business. I have a few questions I would like you to ponder:

1. Did Chris Claremont (my favorite writer) write or help write the books *Aliens vs. Predator: Prey*, or its sequel, *Aliens vs. Predator: Hunter's Planet*?
2. Since I did not catch issue #7, who are "the others" Delacroix refers to on page 1 of issue #8?
3. Has Barreto ever drawn for any other *Aliens* or *Predator* series?
4. Could I please have a sketch of Delacroix as a Predator, in Predator garb, from Mr. Barreto? I will pay an arm and a leg for this, since I collect *Aliens* and *Predator* memorabilia.

Joseph Uturo
Rt. 4, Box 4L
Superior, WI 54880

1. While Chris has several novels out under his own name, he was not involved in the *Aliens vs. Predator* novels. Those were written by Steve and Stephani Perry and David Bischoff.

2. Gisande Salazar, Tomas Shirow, and Maria DeMedici. Caryn ran into them while escaping, but lost them again when her car crashed.

3. No. This is Ed's first *Aliens* or *Predator* work.

4. I'll forward your letter on to Eduardo, but most artists generally only do sketches at convention appearances, where you usually pay a small fee, but no body parts are required.

Dear Barbara,

Wow! That is simply what I can say about *Aliens/Predator: The Deadliest of the Species*. It is so cool and well done. It is the best *Aliens* and *Predator* issue so far from Dark Horse Comics. Barbara, I really would be very thankful if you could send me a poster of the Predator. Heck, I collect the comic just because of it. In issue #8, you told Daniel Torres if he wants one, he could get it by attending a comics convention, but such a convention has never been held in Malaysia, so how am I going to get one? So please help me. Thank you.

Andrew Wong
77A, Persiaran Cempaka Sari 34,
Taman Cempaka,
31400 Ipoh,
Perak, Malaysia

Sorry to disappoint you, Andrew, but there are no *Predator* posters to be had in these offices. Check a foreign newsstand, though, because several of the science-fiction magazines have advertisements from mail-order services that sell movie posters. You could get your *Predator* image that way.

Dear Barbara . . .

Still four issues to go and still not that many clues as to what is really going on. Far be it from me to outguess Mr. Claremont himself, but of all the bits and pieces, here is my theory of what might be going on.

It's obvious that professor Bobby DeMatier is the actual villain of the series, but his overall scheme eludes me. Obviously, it has to do with bio-engineering, for which he stole the children of Big Mama and an Alien queen, and now he needs to have the mother, as well, to continue supplying him with offspring for his experiments. My guess is that he is the creator of the chimera that Ash mentioned in the *Renegade* tale (*Dark Horse Comics* #2), and as her *Renegade* title suggests, Ash herself is probably a chimera, whatever that is. I'm not sure if the *Renegade* tale takes place before or after *Deadliest of the Species*, but my guess is that Ash has yet to become what she is in *Renegade*. Like Gisande Salazar, she is far from human in this series, though how those two women became what they are is anybody's guess.

Bobby DeMatier's scheme is definitely grand, considering that Ash, Big Mama, and an Alien queen would join forces to stop him. Somehow the three of them got separated and Ash ended up on the slaver network, the circuit — owned by Willem Delacroix. It's possible that Bobby DeMatier placed her there, as well as supplied Willem with Gisande Salazar. Ash got her personality reconfigured into that of Caryn and was then sold to Willem's father, Lucien.

That didn't keep Big Mama from locating her "sister-in-arms," though, and the two ran off to the space station Samara. The reason why has yet to be revealed. Considering the Alien queen there doesn't seem to be any ally of Big Mama, it couldn't have been to hook up with her.

Meanwhile, back at the skyliner *Liberté*, Bobby DeMatier takes control and impersonates both Willem and Lucien Delacroix. Lucien is obviously alive, but a sedated captive, while Willem died after an Alien queen grew inside him. My guess is that Ash and company will return to the *Liberté* and confront DeMatier, but if DeMatier is the creator in the *Renegade* tale and that tale takes place following this one, that could mean that he escapes at the end and lives to plague our heroine another day, eventually using her in his experiments, making her a chimera. As for Big Mama, I fear she won't survive this series.

As for Toy's role, not to mention that of Shirow and Maria, I'm at a loss.

Well, that's what I could come up with. Only four more issues to reveal whether I'm way off track or not. DeMatier might not be the creator of the chimera, though, and might well meet his end in the final issue. Guess I'll just have to be patient and see, but you can't blame me for trying.

There're a lot of things to be resolved and only one thing seems for sure: I will miss *Deadliest of the Species* when it's all over, so please tell me that there're *Renegade* tales yet to come. There have to be. Surely four more issues alone won't be able to solve all the dangling plot threads regarding Ash Parnall.

Michael C.T. Anderson
Thuresensgade 31 A St. Mf.
5000 Odense C
Denmark

The next two issues will show how close your guesses come to the real story, Michael, and if you want to make sure that there will be more *Renegade* stories, please write in and tell Chris you want to read them. *Renegade* is a creator-owned series, which means that I can't just run out and line up a creative team if Chris isn't willing to do more. I'm sure your letters will help convince him.

Dear Barbara:

Curiouser and curiouser. After reading issue #8, that was, and still is, my response. This book has more turns than Polk Street in San Francisco. That isn't to say that I haven't been enjoying the book; if you have read my letters, you know I have enjoyed this book immensely. It is well written and well drawn. I just wish I could figure out what was going to happen next. It is a real roller-coaster ride-o'-fun. So you're saying that there is an Alien mother that no one knew about? Cool!

Galen S. West
1100 Sylvan Ave. #153
Modesto, CA 95350

Hey, Galen, you ought to take notes from Denmark — Michael seems to have the whole thing figured out . . . or does he? Hmmm . . . Maybe you are better off not knowing.

Hey, Barbara,

First of all, I'd like to thank you for the postcard in response to my letter way back when. The letter's only purpose was to give you people another point of view to ponder — I didn't *really* expect it to be published, and to get a personal response was a complete shock. I can't imagine where you found the time, being a busy editor, and all. So, "thanks"!

Now down to business. I've just got *Aliens/Predator: The Deadliest of the Species* #8, and can only paraphrase Daniel Lawrence: "Wow!" When I saw the caption "Next: Sacrifice" in issue #7, I couldn't possibly have imagined the last page of issue #8. Even though there were dream clues given over the last three issues, I decided I wasn't even going to *try* to decipher them. I'm glad I didn't. Caryn's move came as a complete surprise — the way it *should* be in any good story.

I can't wait to see the look on Gisande's face when Caryn, Maria, a trooper, and a Predator waltz out protected by a *Queen*! I guess she'll have to be just a *tad* nicer to

Caryn if she doesn't want her head ripped off.

It's wonderful to finally be getting somewhere in the Caryn Delacroix/Ash Parnall mystery — aside from in her dreams, I mean. A friend of mine has the original Chris Claremont *Dark Horse Comics/Renegade* story — after this issue I'm tempted to check it out.

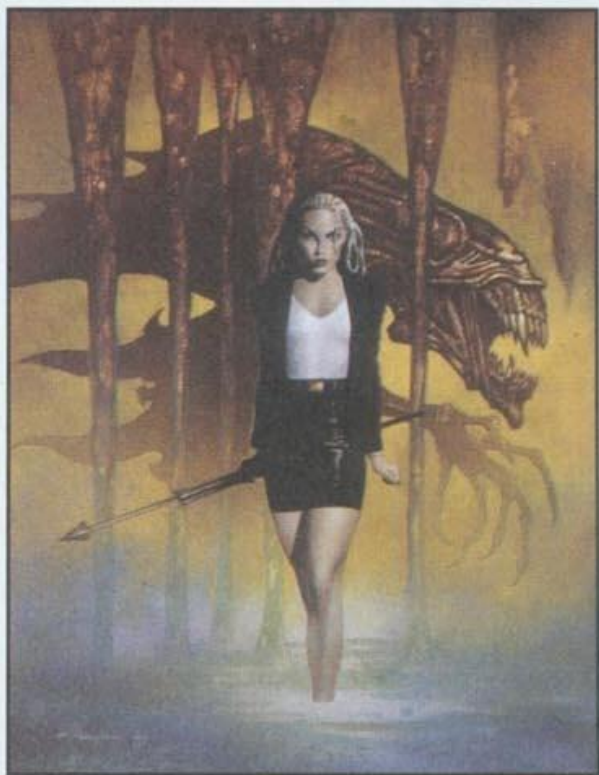
It's also great to get some more tantalizing details about the corrupt "Bobby" DeMatier's horrendous "project." As I recall from the *Alien* films, there were several nefarious parties intent on getting their hands on some Aliens for their own twisted experiments, and now we get to see the frightening consequences of them doing just that.

Now I just hope Mr. Claremont decides to stay away from dream sequences for the remaining issues, since reality is getting so pulse-poundingly absorbing.

In closing, some brief comments on the art. It's still good — at least I think so, being a fan of realism. I just can't help feeling tired for Eduardo, doing the pencils and inks by himself. I like the outfits Ash Parnall "wears." Even though it shows in the color that Matt Hollingsworth has departed, the airbrush and distortion effects are still of a decent standard. And, of course (just in case you haven't heard it enough), the covers are great.

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Thanks for the kind words, Mike. If you're near a store that stocks back issues, I'd certainly recommend checking out the *Renegade* story in *Dark Horse Comics*, both for Chris' story and the art by Vince Giarrano.



Next issue: Our new Predators reach the skyliner *Liberté* and find something unlike anything they expected! And former editor Diana Schutz takes the reins again because yours truly is heading off into the sunset for a life of early retirement and writing! Thanks for all your kind words about this series, and keep writing!

— Barbara Kesel